

81-2/215
CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.

With ALTERATIONS,

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIVINGTON, W. STRAHAN, J. HINTON, C. BATHURST, HAWES, CLARKE, and COLLINS, W. OWEN, T. LONGMAN, R. BALDWIN, T. DAVIES, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE, B. LAW, S. CROWDER, ROBINSON and ROBERTS, T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON, J. WILKIE, C. CORBET, T. BECKET, J. ROBSON, W. HORSFIELD, F. NEWBERRY, E. DILLY, G. KEARSLEY, S. BLADON, T. CADELL.

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OF MEDICINE

THE FACULTY

OF THE UNIVERSITY

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Admirers of *Shakespear* must not take it ill that there are some Scenes, and consequently many fine Passages, omitted in this Edition of *CYMBELINE*. It was impossible to retain more of the Play and bring it within the Compass of a Night's Entertainment. The chief Alterations are in the Division of the Acts, in the Shortening many Parts of the Original, and transposing some Scenes. As the Play has met with so favourable a Reception from the Publick, it is hop'd that the Alterations have not been made with great Impropriety.

N. B. The Scene printed in *Italics* in the fifth Act was omitted in the Representation after the first Night, but it is thought proper to print it.

Dramatis Personæ,

At Drury-Lane, 1770.

M E N.

C ymbeline, <i>King of Britain.</i>	Mr. Hurst.
Cloten, <i>Son to the Queen by a former Husband.</i>	Mr. Jefferson.
Leonatus Posthumus, <i>a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.</i>	Mr. Reddish.
Guiderius, <i>{ Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore, and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.</i>	Mr. Cautherley.
Arviragus, <i>{</i>	Mr. Brereton.
Bellarius, <i>a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.</i>	Mr. Burton.
Philario, <i>an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.</i>	Mr. Parsons.
Iachimo, <i>Friend to Philario</i>	Mr. Palmer.
Caius Lucius, <i>Ambassador from Rome.</i>	Mr. Bransby.
Pisanio, <i>Servant to Posthumus.</i>	Mr. Packer.
<i>A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.</i>	Mr. Scrase.
Cornelius, <i>a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.</i>	Mr. Burton.
Two Gentlemen.	Mr. Ackman.
	Mr. Fox.

W O M E N.

Queen, <i>Wife to Cymbeline.</i>	Mrs. Reddish.
Imogen, <i>Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.</i>	Miss Younge.
Helen, <i>Woman to Imogen.</i>	Miss Hippisley.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, partly in Rome ; partly in Britain.

C Y M-



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter Pisanio, and a Gentleman.

PISANIO.

YOU do not meet a Man but frowns. Our Looks
No more obey the Hearts than our Courtiers ;
But seem, as does the King's.

Gent. But what's the matter ?

Pis. Are you so fresh a Stranger to ask that ;
His Daughter, and the Heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referred herself
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd ; she imprison'd, all
Is outward Sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

Gent. None but the King ?

Pis. There is not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's Looks, hath a Heart, that is not
Glad at the thing he scowl at.

Gent. And why so ?

Pis. He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad Report : And he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her,) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like ; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare.

Gent. His Name and Birth ?

Pis. That I can well inform you, having liv'd
A faithful Servant in the Family.

His Father was *Sicilius*, who serv'd
 Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
 And gain'd the Sur-addition *Leonatus*.
 He had, besides this Gentleman in question,
 Two other Sons, who in the Wars o' th' time
 Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father,
 Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow
 That he quit Being, and his gentle Lady
 Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd,
 As he was born. The King, he takes the Babe
 To his Protection, calls him *Posthumus*;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the Learnings that his Time
 Could make him the Receiver of, which he took
 As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministr'd,
 His Spring became a Harvest: he liv'd in Court,
 Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature,
 A Glas that featur'd them; and to the Graver,
 A Child that guided Dotards.

Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.
 But to my Mistress, is she the sole Child to the King?

Pis. His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
 P'th' swathing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
 Were stol'n, and to this Hour, no guess in Knowledge
 Which way they went.

Gent. How long is this ago?

Pis. Some twenty Years.

Gent. That a King's Children should be so convey'd!
 So slackly guarded, and the Search so slow
 That could not trace them——

Pis. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet it is true, Sir.

Gent. I do well believe you.

Pis. Here comes my Lord,
 The Queen, and Princess, you must forbear.

Enter

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find my Daughter,
After the Slander of most Step-Mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you : You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys,
That lock up your Restraint. For you, good *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate : marry yet
The Fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence To-day.

Queen. You know the Peril :
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Dissembling Courtesy ! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds ! My dearest Husband,
You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry Eyes : Not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewel in the World,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen ! my Mistress !
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more Tendernefs
Than doth become a Man. I will remain
The loyall'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth ;
My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
Known but by Letter ; thither write, my Love,
And with mine Eyes I'll drink the Words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you ;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his Displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this Way ; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
Pays dear for my Offences.

[*Exit.*
Post.

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow; Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself
Such parting were too petty. Look here, my Love,
This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart,
But keep it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead. *Post.* How, how? Another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my Embracements from a next
With Bonds of Death. Remain, remain thou here.

[*Putting on the Ring.*
While Sense can keep thee on: And sweetest, fairest
As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss: So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love; I'll place it

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we meet again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight;
If after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt Poison to my Blood.

Post. The Gods protect you.
And bless the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in Death
More sharp than this is.

Pisanio, go see your Lord on board. [Exit. *Pisanio.*

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st
A Yar' age on me. *Imo.* I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with you Vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole Son of my Queen.

Imo.

C Y M B E L I N E.

11

Imo. O blest that I might not :

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my
A Seat for Baseness. [Throne

Imo. No, I rather added
A Lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one ! *Imo.* Sir,
It is your Fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*.
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman ; over-buys me
Almost the Sum he pays.

Cym. What ? art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, Sir ; Heav'n restore me : would I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Posthumus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience : Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, Peace, Sweet Sovereign,
Make yourself some Comfort
Out of your best Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of Blood a Day, and being aged
Die of this Folly.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Fy, fy, you must give way—here is *Pisanio*.

Enter Pisanio.

Your faithful Servant, and I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness. [*Exit Queen.*

Imo. Well good *Pisanio*.

Thou saw'st thy Lord on Board ; what was the last
That he spake to thee.

Pis. 'Twas his lovely Princess.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linen, happier therein than I :
And that was all ?

Pis. No, Madam ; for so long
As he cou'd make me with this Eye or Ear,

Distin-

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
 The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief?
 Still waving, as the fit and stirs of 's Mind
 Could best express how slow his Soul sail'd on,
 How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
 As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
 To after eye him. *Pis.* Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine Eye-strings;
 Crack'd them but to look upon him; till the Diminution
 Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle;
 Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
 The smallness of a Gnat, to Air; and then
 Then turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
 When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
 With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him at certain Hours,
 Such Thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
 The She's of *Italy* should not betray
 Mine Interest, in his Honour; or have charg'd him
 At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, or at Midnight,
 T'encounter me with Oraisons, (for then
 I am in Heav'n for him;) or ere I could
 Give him that parting Kifs, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Father,
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
 Shakes all our Buds from growing. See the Queen.
 Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen and Cornelius, with a Phial.

Queen. Now Master Doctor, have you brought those
 Drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay;
 But I beseech your Grace, without Offence
 My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
 Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds?

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
 Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been
 Thy Pupil long? I will but try the Force

And

And Vigour of thy Compounds, and apply
Allayments to their Aet; and by them gather
Their Virtues and Effects.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring Rascal; Upon him [*Aside.*]
Will I first work. He's for his Master's sake
An Enemy to my Son. A sly and constant Knave,
Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The Hand fast to her Lord. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor your Service for this time is ended.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam. [*Aside.*]
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a Word. [*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. I will not trust one of her Malice, with
A Drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the Sense awhile,
But there is no Danger in that shew of Death,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false Effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in
She will not quench, and let Instructions enter [*time*]
Where Folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master; greater; for
His Fortunes ail lie speechless, and his Name
Is at last Gasp; and what shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? thou takest up

[*Pisanio looking on the Phial.*]

Thou know'st dot what; but take it for thy Labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
The Case stands with her; do't as from thyself;

I'll move the King
 To any Shape of thy Preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire : Think on my Words.——
 I have given him that, [Aside.
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of Leidgers for her Sweet ; and which she after,
 Except she bend her Humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too. Fare thee well, *Pisano*.
 Think on my Words. [Exit Queen.

Pis. And shall do ;
 But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
 I'll choak myself ; there's all I'll do for you.
 By this he is at *Rome*, and good *Philario*,
 With open Arms, and grateful Heart, receives
 His Friend's reflected Image in his Son,
 Old *Leonatus* in young *Posthumus* :
 Sweet *Imogen*, what thou endur'st the while,
 Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd ;
 A Mother hourly coining Plots ; a Wooer,
 More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
 Of thy dear Husband——Heaven keep unshaken
 That Temple, thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand
 T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great Land. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Philario's House in Rome.*

Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman, at a Banquet.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain* ; and
 he was then but crescent, not expressed to prove so wor-
 thy, as since he has been allowed the Name of. But I
 could then have look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
 miration, though the Catalogue of his Endowments had
 been tabled by his Side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd
 than now he is.

French. I have seen him in *France* ; we had very many
 there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter,
 wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her Value, than
 his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the
 matter. *French.*

French. And then his Banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the Approbation of those, that weep this lamentable Divorce under Colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her Judgment, which else an easy Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you?—how creeps Acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my Life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his Quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for Courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er rate my poor Kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon Importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your Pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller; but upon my mended Judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the Arbitrement of Swords.

Iach. Can we with Manners, ask what was the Difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a Contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, suffer the Report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last Night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. 'This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation,) his to be more Fair, Vir-
tuous, Wise, Chaste, Conitant, Qualified, and less at-
temptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess myself her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand Comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britain*; if she went before others I have seen, as that Diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the World enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd Mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a Trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in Title yours; but, you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stol'n too; so of your Brace of unprisable Estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplished Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplished a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no Stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much Conversation, I should get Ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and Opportunity to friend.

Post.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something : but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too-bold a persuasion ; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that ?

Post. A Repulse ; though your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more ; a Punishment too. [*Angrily.*]

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbour's, on th' Approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Ducats to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the Opportunity of a second Conference, and I will bring from thence that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it : My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser ; if you buy Ladies Flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting ; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue ; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ? let there be Covenants drawn between us. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy thinkings. I dare you to this Match ; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one ; if I bring you not sufficient

cient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress; my ten thousand Ducats are yours, so is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such Honour as you have trust in; the your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours, provided I have your Commendation, for my more free Entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer: if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevailed, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our Debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill Opinion, and the Assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and I'll straight away for *Britain*, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Post. and Iach.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd—O, that Husband!
My supreme Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it—had I been Thief stol'n,
As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the Degree that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest Wills,
Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be?

Enter

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of *Rome*,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam ?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

[*Reads aside.*

Iach. All of her that is out of Door, most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a Mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian Bird* ; and I
Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend ;
Arm me, Audacity, from Head to Foot ;

[*Aside.*

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the Noblest Note, to whose Kindnesses I am most
infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value
your Trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady ;
What, are Men mad ? hath Nature given them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the humble Beach ? and can we not
Partition make 'twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your Admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' Eye ; for Apes and Monkeys,
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' Judgment ;
For Ideots in this Case of Favour, would
Be wisely definite. Nor in the Appetite ——

Imo. What is the Matter trow ?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd Desire,
Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage——

Imo.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you ? are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well ; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him ;
He's strange and sheepish. *Pif.* I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome. *[Exit. Pif.]*

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His Health, beseech you ? *Iach.* Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to Mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a Stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome ; he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller. *Imo.* When he was here
He did incline to Sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian* Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick sighs from him, while the jolly *Britain*,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh !--
Can my Sides hold, to think, that Man who knows
By History, Report, or his own Proof,
What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free Hours languish out
For assur'd Bondage ? *Imo.* Will my Lord say so ?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in Flood with Laughter.
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman* :
But Heaven knows some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'n's Bounty towards him
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much ; [might
In you, whom I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too. *Imo.* What do you pity, Sir ?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily. *Imo.* Am I one, Sir ?
You look on me ; what Wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity ? *Iach.* Lamentable ! what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
P'th' Dungeon by a Snuff ? *Imo.* 'Pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more Openness your Answers

To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't. *Imo.* You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
'Than to be sure they do;) Discover to me
What doth you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this Object which
'Takes Prisoner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
'That mount the Capitol? join Gripes with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood, as with Labour?
Then glad myself by peeping in an Eye
Base and unluft'rous as the smoaky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one Time
Encounter such Revolt. *Imo.* My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*. *Iach.* And himself; not I
Inclin'd to this Intelligence pronounce
The Beggary of his Change; but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my Tongue
Charm this Report out. *Imo.* Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt Soul! your Cauſe doth ſtrike my Heart
With Pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtened to an Empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double; to be partner'd
With Tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield! with diſeaſ'd Venturers
'To play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which Rottenneſs lends Nature! Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd?
How ſhould I be reveng'd if this be true?
As I have ſuch a Heart, that both mine Ears

Must not in haste abuse ; if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Shou'd he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priestesses, 'twixt cold Sheets ;
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your Despight, upon your Purse ! revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet Pleasure,
More noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure. *Imo.* What ho, *Pisanio* ! —

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an End thou seek'st, as base, as strange ;
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour ; and
Solicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Pisanio* ! —
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault ; if he shall think it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romish* Stew, and to expound
His beastly Mind to us ; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio* ! —

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say !
The Credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy Trust, and thy most perfect Goodness
Her assur'd Credit ; blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his ; and you his Mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your Pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er ; and he is one
The truest manner'd ; such a holy Witch
That he enchants Societies into him :
Half all Mens Hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst Men, like a descended God ; He

He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false Report ;
The Love I bear him,

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my Power i'th Court for yours.

Iach. My humble Thanks ; I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small Request,
And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord ; myself, and other noble Friends,
Are Partners in the Business. *Imo.* Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(The best Feather of our Wing,) have mingled Sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor :

Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
In *France* ; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage : May it please you
To take them in Protection. *Imo.* Willingly ;
And pawn mine Honour for their Safety ; since
My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them
In my Chamber. *Iach.* They are in a Coffer
Attended by my Men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this Night ;
I must abroad To-morrow. *Imo.* O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you : Or I shall short my Word
By lengthening my Return. From *Gallia*,
I cross the Seas on Purpose, and on Promise

To see your Grace. *Imo.* I thank you for your Pains ;
But not away Tomorrow. *Iach.* O, I must, Madam ;

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with Writing, do't To-night :
I have out-staid my Time, which is material
To th' tender of our Present. *Imo.* I will write :

Send your Coffer to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you : You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

He

SCENE II. *A Palace.**Enter Cloten, and two Lords.*

Clot. Was there ever Man had such Luck! when I kiss'd the *Jack* upon an Up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hundred Pound on't; and then a Whorson Jack-an-Apes must take me up for swearing, as if I had borrow'd mine Oaths of him, and might not spend them at my Pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his Pate with your Bowl.

2 Lord. If his Wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any Standers-by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord: Nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whoreson Dog! I give him Satisfaction? Would he had been one of my Rank. Pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother; every Jack-slave hath his Belly full of Fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give Offence to.

Clot. No: I know that: But it is fit I should commit Offence to my Inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Clot. Good-night to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughters? Will she not forth?

Clot. She vouchsafes no Notice; but I will assail her before Morning with Mask and Music.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him; some more time Must wear the Print of his Remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Enter Messenger, and whispers the first Lord.

Queen. You are most bound to the King,
Who lets go by no 'Vantages, that may
Prefer you to his Daughter.

1 Lord. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome,
The one is *Cains Lucius*.

Cymb. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit, he comes on angry Purpose now;
But that's no Fault of his; our dear Son,
When you have given good Morning to your Mistress,
Attend the Queen and us, we shall have need
T'employ you towards this *Roman*.

Betimes To-morrow we'll hear th' Embassy.

Come our Queen.

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

1 Lord. Did you hear of another Stranger that's come
to Court To-night?

Clot. Another Stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it
not. *[Aside.]*

1 Lord. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one
of *Leonatus'* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* A banish'd Rascal; and he's another,
wheresoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no
Derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a Fool granted, therefore cannot de-
rogate. *[Aside.]*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*, and if he'll play,
I'll game with him, and To-morrow with our
Father, we'll hear the Ambassador—come let's go.

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. *[Exit Clot. and 1 Lord.]*

2 Lord. That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother,
Should yield the World this *As*; a Woman that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son
Cannot take two from Twenty for his Heart
And leave Eighteen. Alas, poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st.

[Exit.]

B

SCENE

CYMBELINE.
S C E N E III.

A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imp. Who's there? My Woman, *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left, to Bed——
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning :
And if thou canst awake by four o'th'Clock,
I pr'ythee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Night,
Guard me, beseech ye.

To your protection I commend me, Gods. [Sleeps.]

[*Iachimo rises from the Coffin.*]

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense
Repairs itself by Rest : Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed ! Fresh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets ! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss——Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't——'Tis her Breathing
Perfumes the Chamber thus : The Flame o'th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights now canopy'd
Under the Windows, White and Azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'n's own Tinct—but my Design's
To note the Chamber——I will write all down :
Such, and such Pictures——there the Window,—such
Th' Adornment of her Bed—the Arras, Figures——
Why such, and such——and the Contents o'th' Story—
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testify, t'enrich my Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus

Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off, —

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience does within,

To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast

A Mole Cinque-spotted — Like the Crimson Drops

I th' bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,

Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret

Will force him think I've pick'd the Lock, and ta'en

The Treasure of her Honour. More — to what end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,

Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,

The Tale of *Tereus*, here the Leaf's turn'd down

Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough,

To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning

May bear its Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,

Tho' this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three: Time, time.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in loss,
the coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold so to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble
Temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious,
when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I
could get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have Gold enough:
It's almost Morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* It is my Lord?

Clot. I would the Maskers and Musicians were come,
I am advis'd to give her Music a' Mornings, they say it
will penetrate. [*A Flewiff.*]

1 *Lord.* Here they are, my Lord.

Clot. Come let's join them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *An open Place in the Palace.*

Cloten, Lords, Singers and Maskers discovered.

Clot. Come on, tune, first a very excellent good conceited thing, after a wonderful sweet Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

Hark, hark, the Lark, at Heav'n's Gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His Steeds to water at those Springs,

On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes :

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden Eyes,

With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise,

Arise, arise !

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider your Music the better : If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horse-Hairs, and Cats-Guts, nor the Voice of unpav'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend. Come, now to our Dancing, and if she is immoveable with this, she is an immoveable Princess, and not worth my Notice.

(*A Dance*)

[*Knocks at her Door.*

Clot. Leave us to ourselves.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*

If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,

Let her lie still, and dream : By your leave ho !

I know her Women are about her—what

If I do line one of their Hands—'Tis Gold

Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes

Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up

Their Deer to th' stand o'th' Stealer : And 'tis Gold

Which makes the true Man kill'd, and saves the Thief ;

Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief and true Man : What

Can it not do, and undo ? I will make

One of her Women Lawyer to me, for

I yet not understand the Case myself.

By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks ?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose Tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : What's your Lordship's Pleasure ?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is she ready ?

Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. God-morrow Fairest, Sister, your sweet Hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir, you lay out too much Pains
For purchasing but Trouble.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your Recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no Answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me. Faith
I shall unfold equal Discourtesy
To your best Kindness : One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool ?

Imo. As I am mad I do ;

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's Manners,
But I who know my Heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you.

Clot. The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
(One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,
With Scraps o'th' Court,) it is no Contract, none.

Imo. Prophane Fellow :

Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his Groom.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come

'To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
'That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all thou hast to boast of.

How now, *Pisanio* ? [*Missing her Bracelet.*]

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment ? Now the Devil.

Imo. 'To *Dorothy*, my Woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment ?

Imo. I am frighted with a Fool,
Fretted, and angred worse——Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any King's in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this Morning ; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm ; I kiss'd it then—

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so ; go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest Garment !—
I will inform your Father. *Imo.* Your Mother too ;
She's my good Lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
'To th' worst of Discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd ;
His meanest Garment ?——Well. [*Exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Chamber in Rome.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. **F**EAR it not, Sir ; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present Winter's State, and wish
That warmer Days would come, in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your Love ; they failing
I must die much your Debtor.

Phil.

Phil. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's Commission thoroughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; or your Countrymen,
Will look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief. *Post.* I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a War, they'll send no Tribute;
Our Countrymen the *Britons*
Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
Now mingled with their Courage, will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
As mend upon the World; and more than that,
They have a KING, whose Love and Justice to them
May ask and have their Treasures, and their Blood.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See, *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your Vessel nimble. *Phil.* Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your Answer made
The speediness of your Return. *Iach.* Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty
Look through a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenour good I trust.

Post. 'Tis very like. [*Posthumus reads the Letters.*]

Phil. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *British* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd. *Post.* All is well yet.
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I'd lost it,
I should have lost the Worth of it in Gold;
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t'enjoy

A second Night of such sweet Shortness, as
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Post. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easy. *Post.* Make not, Sir,
Your Loss, your Sport ; I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep Covenant ; had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther ; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring ; and not the Wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed ; my Hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her pure Honour, gains, or loses
Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe ; whose Strength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
They need it not. *Post.* Proceed.

Iach. First her Bed-chamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With richest Stuff, the Colours blue and silver :
A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship and Value.

Post. This is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other. *Iach.* More Particulars
Must justify my Knowledge. *Post.* So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury. *Iach.* The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing ; never saw I Figures

So likely to report themselves ; the Painter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.

Post. This is a Thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roof o' th' Chamber
With golden Cherubims is fretted.

Post. What's this t' her Honour ?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
(Praise be to your Remembrance,) the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelets.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel : See! —
And now 'tis up again ; it must be married
To that your Diamond. *Post.* *Jove !* —
Once more let me behold it ; Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that :
She strip'd it from her Arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty Action did out-self her Gift,
And yet enrich'd it too ; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off to send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't : Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love,
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing ;
O, above Measure false ! —

Phil. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again : 'tis not yet won ?
It may be probable she lost it ; or
Who knows, one of her Women, being corrupted,
Hath stoll'n it from her. *Post.* Very true,
And so I hope he came by't ; back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal Sign about her

More evident than this ; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true—nay keep the Ring—'tis true ; I am sure
She could not lose it ; her Attendants are
All honourable ; they induc'd to steal it !
And by a Stranger !—no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this : she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phil. Sir, be patient ;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perswaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't ;
She hath been colted by him. *Iach.* If you seek
For further satisfying ; under her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ? *Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick.
Ne'er count the Turns : Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn—— *Post.* No swearing :
If you will swear you have not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
'Thou'it made her Strumpet.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal ;
I will go there and do't i'th' Court before
Her Father——I'll do something——

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Quite besides
The Government of Patience. You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II. *A Chamber.**Enter Posthumus.*

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
 Must be half-workers? We are Bastards all,
 And that most venerable Man, which I
 Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
 When I was stamp't. Some Coiner with his Tools
 Made me a Counterfeit, yet my Mother seem'd
 The *Dian* of that time; so doth my Wife
 The Non-parcil of this—Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
 Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with
 A Pudency so Rosie, the sweet View on't
 Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——
 That I thought her
 As chaste as unfin'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
 This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour——was't not?—
 Or less: at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full acorn'd Boar, a *German* one,—
 O! Torture to my Mind. Could I find out
 The Woman's Part in me, for there's no Motion
 That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
 It is the Woman's Part; be it lying, note it,
 The Woman's; Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Dildain,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
 All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows.
 Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a Minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them——yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will:
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Palace.*

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
 one Door: and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar* was in *Britain*,
Cassibelan thine Uncle, did for him,
 And his Succession, grant to *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand Pounds ; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd. *Queen.* And to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever. *Clot.* There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius* : *Britain's* a World
 By itself, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own Noses.

Tribute ? Why should we pay Tribute ? If *Cæsar* can
 hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon
 in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Light ; else,
 Sir, no more Tribute. *Cym.* You must know,

'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
 This Tribute, we were free. Say then to *Cæsar*,
 Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
 Ordain'd our Laws, whose Use the Sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled ; whose Repair and Franchise,
 Shall by the Power we hold be our good Deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry.

Luc. I am sorry,

That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*,
Cymbeline's Enemy. War, and Confusion
 In *Cæsar's* Name pronounce I 'gainst thee : Look
 For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make Pastime
 with us a Day, or two, or longer : If you seek us after-
 wards in other Terms, you shall find us in our Salt-
 water Girdle : If you beat us out of it, it is yours : If
 you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the better
 for you : And there's an end. *Luc.* So, Sir.

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine :
 All the Remain, is welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *A Chamber.*

Enter Pisanio reading a Letter.

Pis. How ? of Adultery ? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters have accused her ? *Leanatus* !

Oh

Oh, Master, what a strange Infection
 Is fall'n into thy Ear? what false *Italian*,
 As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No,
 She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
 More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults
 As would take in some Virtue. Oh, my Master,
 Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
 Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
 Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
 Have made to thy command!—I her!—Her Blood!
 If it be so, to do good Service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack Humanity,
 So much as this Fact comes to? *Do't*—[reading the Letter,
That I have sent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity. Damn'd Paper!
 Black as the Ink that's on thee:—Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
 That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
 He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
 Of my Lord's Health, of his Content,
 Good Wax, thy Leave: blest be
 You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel.
 Good News, Gods.

Reading.

Justice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in his
 Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the
 dearest of Creatures, would: even renew me with your Eyes.
 Take notice that I am in *Cambria* at *Milford-Haven*: What
 your own Love will out of this advise you, follow. So
 be wisest you all Happiness, that remains Loyal to his Vow,
 and your increasing in Love. *Leonatus Posthumus.*

Oh for a Horse with Wings! Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read and tell me

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
 May plod it in a Week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a Day? then, say *Pisanio*,
 How far it is to this same blest'd *Milford*?
 How may we steal from hence: Pr'ythee speak
 How many Score of Miles may we well ride
 'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pis. One Score, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
 Could never go so slow: But this is Foolery.
 Go, bid my Women feign a Sicknefs, say
 She'll home to her Father, and provide me present
 A riding Suit: No costlier than would fit
 A *Franklin's* Housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me Man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a Fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way. [Exit.

SCENE V. A Forest with a Cave.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep House with such,
 Whose Roof's as low as ours: See Boys! this Gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'n's; and bows you
 To Morning's holy Office. Gates of Monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that Giants may get through
 And keep their impious Turbans on, without
 Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
 We house i'th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our Mountain Sport, up to yond Hill,
 Your Legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is Place which lessens and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what Tales I told you,
 Of Courts of Princes, of the Tricks in War,

That

That Service is not Service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a Profit from all Things we see :
 And often to our Comfort shall we find
 The sharded Beetle, in a safer Hold
 Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
 Is nobler than attending for a Check ;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble ;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for Silk :
 Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his Book uncross'd ; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak ; we poor unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from View o'th' Nest ; nor know not
 What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best,
 If quiet Life is best ; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known : well corresponding
 With your stiff Age : but unto us it is
 A Cell of Ignorance ; travelling a-Bed,
 A Prison for a Debtor, that not dares
 To stride a Limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The Rain and Wind beat dark *December* ? How,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing Hours away ? we have seen nothing.

Bel. How you speak ?
 Did you but know the City's Usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the Art o' th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose Top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that
 The Fear's as bad as falling. The Toil o' th' War,
 A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
 I'th' name of Fame, and Honour ; which dies i' th' search,
 And hath as oft a stand'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of fair Act ; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse,
 Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
 The World may read in me : My Body's mark'd
 With *Roman* Swords ; and my Report was once
 First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a Soldier was the Theme, my Name

Was

Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
Whose Boughs did bend with Fruit. But in one Night,
A Storm or Robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the *Romans*: So
Follow'd my Banishment, and this twenty Years,
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honest Freedom, pay'd
More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my Time.—But, up to th' Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be Lord o' th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no Poison, which attends
In place of greater State:

I'll meet you in the Valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*
How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature?
These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,
And *Cymbeline* dreams not they are alive.
They think they are mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly
I' th' Cave there on the brow, their Thoughts do hit
The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and low Things, to prince it much
Beyond the Trick of others. This *Polidore*,
(The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*) *Jove*!
When on my three-foot Stool I sit, and tell
The warlike Feats I've done, his Spirits fly out
Into my Story, say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my Foot on's Neck, even then
The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in Posture
That acts my Words. The younger Brother, *Cadwal*,
(Once *Arviragus*) in as like a Figure
Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd—

O *Cymbeline* ! Heav'n, and my Conscience know
 Thou did'st unjustly banish me, whereon
 At three and two Years old, I stole these Babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their Nurse, they take thee for their Mother,
 And every Day do Honour to her Grave;
 Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural Father. The Game is up. [*Exit*.

SCENE VI. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;

I am right sorry, that I must report you
 My Master's Enemy. I desire of you
 A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven*.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
 The Due of Honour in no Point omit:

So farewell, noble *Lucius*. *Luc.* Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
 I wear it as your Enemy. *Luc.* Sir, the Event
 Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well. [*Ex. Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
 That we have given him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
 Your valiant *Britons* have their Wishes in it.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy Business,
 But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our Expectation that it should be thus
 Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
 Where is our Daughter: she hath not appear'd
 Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
 The Duty of the Day. She looks as like
 A Thing more made of Malice, than of Duty;
 We've noted it. Call her before us, for
 We've been too light in Sufferance. *Exit 1st Lord.*

Queen. Royal Sir,
 Since the Exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
 Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof my Lord,

'Tis

'Tis Time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
 Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady
 So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes,
 And Strokes Death to her.

Re-Enter 1st Lord.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
 Can her Contempt be answer'd?

1st Lord. Please you, Sir,
 Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no Answer
 That will be given to the loudest Noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
 She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
 Whereto constrain'd by her Infirmary,
 She should that Duty leave unpaid to you,
 Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
 She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
 Made me to blame in Memory. *Cym.* Her Doors lock'd?
 Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I fear
 Prove false. [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say; follow the King.

Clot. That Man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant
 I have not seen these two Days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go look after——

Pisanio, he that stand't so for *Posthumus*!——
 He has a Drug of mine; I pray his Absence
 Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
 It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seiz'd her;
 Or wing'd with Fervor of her Loye, she's flown
 To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
 To Death, or to Dishonour, and my end
 Can make good Use of either. She being down
 I have the placing of the *British* Crown. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. A Wood.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse the Place
 Was near at Hand: O where is *Posthumus*?
 Say good *Pisanio*? What is in thy Mind
 That makes thee stare thus? One but painted thus
Would

Would be interpreted a Thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. What's the Matter?
 Why tender'st thou that Paper to me,
 If't be Summer News,
 Smile to't before, if winterly thou need'st.
 But keep that Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-crafted him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man; thy Tongue
 May take off some Extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched Man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY Mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the Strumpet in
 my Bed: The Testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me.
 I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from Proof as strong
 as my Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That
 Part thou, *Pisanio*, must act for me, if thy Faith be not
 tainted with the Breath of hers; let thine own Hands take
 away her Life: I shall give thee Opportunity at *Milford-*
Haven. She hath my Letter for the Purpose: where, if thou
 fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
 Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
 Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander,
 Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
 Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whose Breath
 Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye
 All Corners of the World, Kings, Queens, and States,
 Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
 This viperous Slander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If Sleep charge Nature,
 To break it with a fearful Dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to's Bed.

Pis. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy Conscience witness, *Iachimo*,
 Thou didst accuse him of Incontinency,
 Thou then look'st like a Villain: Now, methinks,

Thy

Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
Whose Feathers were her painting, hath betrayed him,
Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion,
I must be ript; to pieces with me: Oh,
Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy Revolt, oh, Husband, shall be thought
Put on for Villainy.

Pis. Good, Madam, hear me——

Imo. Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my Obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but Grief;
Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
The Riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause:
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why I must die.
And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter
There is a Prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak Hand: Come, here's my Heart—
Something's afore't—Soft, soft, we've no Defence;
What is here, [Opening her Breast.
The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,

[Pulling his Letter out of her Bosom.

Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my Heart: Pr'ythee dispatch,
The Lamb intreats the Butcher. Where's the Knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
When I desire it too. *Pis.* O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then, didst undertake it?
Why hast thou gone so far



To be unbent ? when thou hast ta'en thy Stand,
Th' elected Deer before thee ? *Pis.* But to win time
To lose so bad Employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a Course ; good Lady,
Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak ;
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine Ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater Wound,
Nor Tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. It cannot be,
But that my Master is abused ; some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed Injury. *Imo.* Some Roman Courtezan ?

Pis. No, on my Life ;
I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it, For 'tis commanded
I should do so ; you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow ;
What shall I do the while ? Where bide ? How live ?
Or in my Life what Comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband ? *Pis.* If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father ;

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide. Where then ?

Imo. Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines ?
There's living out of *Britain*. *Pis.* I am most glad
You think of other Place : Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a Mein
Dark as your Fortune is, you should tread a Course
Pretty, and full of view ; yea, happily, near
The Residence of *Posthumus* ; so nigh, at least,
That though his Action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves. *Imo.* Oh for such means,
Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the Point :
You must forget to be a Woman, change
Command in Obedience, Fear and Niceness,

The

The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly Woman its pretty self, into a waggish Courage, Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek, Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart, Alack, no Remedy) to the greedy Touch Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein You made great *Juno* angry. *Imo.* Nay, be brief: I see into thy end, and am almost A Man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. Fore-thinking this, I have already fit, ('Tis in your Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all That answer to them. Would you in their serving, And with what Imitation you can borrow From Youth of such a Season, 'fore Noble *Lucius* Present yourself, desire his Service, tell him Wherein you're happy, which will make him so, (If that his Head have Ear in Music,) doubtless With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable. And doubling that, most holy. For means abroad, You have me rich, and I will never fail Beginning, nor Supply.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort The Gods will diet me with. This Attempt I am Soldier to, and will abide it with A Prince's Courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell, Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress, Here is a Phial Glass, What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea, Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a taste of this Will drive away Distemper. To some Shade, And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen, I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Palace.**Enter CLOTEN.*

Clot. I Love and hate her ; for she's fair and Royal,
 I love her ; but
 Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders to her Judgment,
 I will conclude to hate her.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here ? Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
 Where is thy Lady ? In a word, or else
 Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clot. Where is thy Lady ? Or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close Villain,
 I'll have this Secret from thy Heart, or rip
 Thy Heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus* ?

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
 How can she be with him ? When was she miss'd ?

Clot. Where is she, Sir ? satisfy me home,
 What is become of her ? *Pis.* Oh, my all worthy Lord !

Clot. All-worthy Villain !
 Speak, or thy Silence on the Instant is
 Thy Condemnation and thy Death. *Pis.* Then, Sir,
 This Paper is the History of my Knowledge
 Touching her Flight.

Clot. Let's see't ; I will pursue her
 Even to *Augustus's* Throne. *Pis.* Or this, or perish [*Aside*.
 She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
 May prove his Travel, not her Danger. *Clot.* Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
 Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
 thou wouldst not be a Villain, but to do me true
 Service ; that is, what Villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to
 perform

perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest Man; thou shouldst neither want my Means for thy Relief; nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, one at my Lodging, which he forgot to take with him, it was a Favourite of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit hither?

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

[Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*? even there, thou Villain, *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. She said upon a time, that she held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural Person: With that Suit upon my Back will I ravish her; and when my Lust hath dined, to the Court I'll foot her home again. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in Boy's Cloaths.

Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one,
I have tired myself; and for two Nights together
Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick,
But that my Resolution helps me: *Milford*,
When from the Mountain Top *Pisano* shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not miss my Way. Will poor Folks lie
That have Afflictions on them, yet no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for Need; and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,
My Hunger's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for Food. But what is this? [*seeing the Cave.*
Here is a Path to't—'tis some Savage hold;

I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet Famine
 Ere it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and Peace breed Cowards, Hardness ever
 Of Hardness is Mother. Ho ! who's here ?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ;
 No Answer ? then I'll enter.

Best draw my Sword ; and if mine Enemy
 But fear my Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't,
 Such a Foe, good Heav'ns. *[She goes into the Cave.]*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Paladour* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are master of the Feast ; *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant ; come, our Stomachs
 Will make what's homely, favourly ; Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
 Finds the Down Pillow hard. Now Peace be here,
 Poor House, that keeps thyself.

Guid. There is cold Meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. *[that]*

Bel. Stay, come not in—— *[Looking in.]*
 But that it eats our Victuals, I should think
 He were a Fairy. *Guid.* What's the matter, Sir ?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel ! or if not,
 An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divineness
 No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen from the Cave.

Imo. Good Master harm me not ;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had found
 Gold-strew'd i'th' Floor. Here's Money for my Meat,
 I would have left it on the Board so soon
 As I had made my Meal. And parted thence
 With Prayers for the Provider. *Guid.* Money, Youth ?

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt,
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty Gods. *Imo.* I see you're angry :
 Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I should
 Have dy'd, had I not made it. *Bel.* Whither bound ?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your Name ?

*Imo. Fidele, Sir ; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ! He embark'd at Milford,
'To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I am fall'n in this Offence.*

*Bel. Pr'ythee, fair Youth,
'Think us no Churls ; nor measure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Chear
Ere you depart, and Thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.*

*Arv. I'll love him as my Brother :
And such a Welcome as I'd give to him,
After long Absence, such is yours.*

*Guid. Most welcome :
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends,*

*Imo. 'Mongst Friends, [Aside.
If Brothers : Would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been less, and so more equal to thee my Posthumus.*

Bel. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Would I could free it.

*Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What Pain it cost, what Danger.*

*Bel. Hark, Boys. [Whispering.] Imo. Great Men,
That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
'That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience seal'd them ; laying by
'That Nothing-gift of different Multitudes
'Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since Posthumus is false. Bel. It shall be so :
Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair Youth, come in ;
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So far as thou wilt speak it. Guid. Pray draw near.*

*Arv. The Night to th' Owl,
And Morn to th' Lark less welcome.*

Imo. Thanks, Sir. Arv. I pray draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Forest.**Enter Cloten alone.*

Clot. I am near to the Place where they should meet, if *Pisania* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me ! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which is now growing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforce'd, thy Garments cut to Pieces before her Face, and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough Usage ; but my Mother having Power of his Testiness, shall turn all into my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out Sword, and to a fore Purpose ; Fortune put them into my Hand ; this is the very Description of their Meeting-place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Cave.**Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.*

Bel. You are not well : Remain here in the Cave,
We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here ;
Are we not Brothers ?

Imo. So Man and Man should be,
But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity,
Whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well.
So please you, leave me,
Stick to your Journal Course ; the Breach of Custom,
Is Breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here !

Arv. Brother, farewell. *Imo.* I with you sport.

Arv. Your Health——So please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods what Lies have
I heard !

Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court :
 I am sick still, heart-sick — *Pisanio*,
 I'll now taste of thy Drug. [*Drinks out of the Phial.*]

Guid. I could not stir him ;
 He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arw. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field :
 We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arw. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
 For you must be our Housewife.

Imo. Well or ill, I am bound to you. [*Exit.*]

Bel. This Youth, howe'er distress'd, appears t'have had
 Good Ancestors.

Arw. How Angel-like he sings ?
 Nobly he yokes a Smiling with a Sigh.

Guid. Yet I do note,
 That Grief and Patience rooted in him both,
 Mingle their Spurs together.

Arw. Grow Patience,
 And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
 His perishing Root, from the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great Morning. Come away : who's there ?
Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
 Hath mock'd me. [*Exit.*]

Bel. Those Runagates !
 Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen ; I fear some ambush —

Guid. He is but one ? you, and my Brother search
 What Companies are near : pray you away,
 Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus.*]

Re-enter Cloten.

Clot. Soft, what are you
 That fly me thus ? Some Villain-Mountaineers —
 I've heard of such. Thou art a Robber,
 A Law-breaker, a Villain ; yield thee, Thief.

Guid. To whom ? to thee ? what art thou ? Have not I
 An Arm as big as thine ? a Heart as big ?

Thy

Thy Words I grant are bigger ; for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee ? *Clot.* Thou Villain base,
Know'st me not by my Clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy Taylor, who made those Clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my Name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name ?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villain.

Guid. *Cloten*, then double Villain, be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it Toad, Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner. *Clot.* To thy further Fear,
Nay, to thy mere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth. *Clot.* Art not afraid ?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise ;
At Fools I laugh, not fear them. *Clot.* Die the Death :
When I have slain thee with my proper Hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the Gates of *Lud*'s Town set your Heads ;
Yield rustick Mountaineer. [*Fight, and Exit.*

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World ; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. No, Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of
Favour

Which then he wore ; the snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking were as his : I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this Place we left them. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool. Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. Cut off one *Cloten*'s Head,
Son to the Queen, after his own Report.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take our Lives ? the Law

Protests not us, then why should we be tender,
 To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us ?
 Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself ;
 For we do fear no Law. What Company
 Discover you abroad ? *Bel.* No single Soul
 Can we set Eye on ; but in all safe Reason
 He must have some Attendants.
 It is not probable he'd come alone.

Arv. Let Ord'nance
 Come, as the Gods foresay it, howsoe'er
 My Brother hath done well. *Bel.* I had no mind
 To hunt this Day : The Boy *Fidele's* Sicknefs
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,
 Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en
 His Head from him : I'll throw't into the Creek
 Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
 And tell the Fines, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
 That's all I care. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd :
 Would *Paladour*, thou had'st not done't : though Valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :
 We'll hunt no more To-day, nor seek for Danger
 Where there's no Profit. I pry'thee to our Rock,
 You and *Fidele* play the Cooks : I'll stay
 (Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
 To dinner presently. *Arv.* Poor sick *Fidele* !
 I'll willingly to him ; to gain his Colour
 I'd let a River of such *Cloten's* Blood,
 And praise myself for Charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou Goddess,
 Thou divine Nature ! how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely Boys : they are as gentle
 As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
 Not wagging his sweet Head ; and yet, as rough,
 (Their Royal Blood enchas'd,) as the rud'st Wind,
 That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
 And make him stoop to th' Vale. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible Instinct should frame them

To

To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other ; Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a Crop
As if it had been sow'd : yet still 'tis strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his Death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?
I have sent *Cloten's* Clot-pole down the Stream,
In Embassy to his Mother ; his Body's Hostage
For his Return.

[Solemn Musicke]

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
Hark *Paladour*, it sounds : But what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion ? Hark !

Guid. Is he at Home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean ?
Since death of my dear Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn Things
Should answer solemn Accidents.

Enter Arviragus.

Bel. Look, here he comes ;
And brings the dire occasion in his Looks,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen Years of Age, to sixty ;
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly !
And art thou gone, my poor *Fidèle*.

Bel. What is he dead, how found you him ?

Arv. Stark—smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at : his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion. *Guid.* Where ? *Arv.* O'th'Floor:
His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose Rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed ;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come near him.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs,

Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave :

Bel. Great Griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He paid for that : Our Foe was princely.
And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince. Go, bring your Lilly.

[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*]

Oh! Melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy Bottom, find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish Carrack
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing,
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made, but Oh!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare Boy of Melancholy.

Enter Guiderius and Arviragus, with the Body.
Come let us lay the Bodies each by each,
And strew 'em o'er with Flow'rs, and on the Morrow
Shall the Earth receive 'em. *Arv.* Sweet *Fidele*!
Fear no more th' Heat o' th' Sun,

Nor the furious Winters Blast;
Thou thy worldly Task hast done,
And the Dream of Life is past.

Guid. Monarchs, Sages, Peasants must
Follow thee, and come to Dust. [*Exeunt with the Body.*]

SCENE IV. The Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A Fever with the Absence of her Son;
Madness, of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great Part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen
Upon a desperate Bed, and in a Time
When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone,
So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
The Hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her Departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
By a sharp Torture.

Pis.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours, set it at your Will :

2 Lord. Good, my Liege,
The Day that she was missing, he was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All Parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Lord Cloten*,
There wants no Diligence in seeking him,
He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The Time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a Season, but our Jealousy
Does yet depend.

2 Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coast.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen :
I am amaz'd with matter, let's withdraw
And meet the Time, as it seeks us : we fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at Chances here—away.— [Exeunt.]

Pis. I've had no Letter from my Master since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain, 'tis strange !
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often Tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heav'ns still must work ;
Wherein I'm false I'm honest, not true, to be true,
'These present Wars shall find I love my Country,
Ev'n to the Note of th' King, or I'll fail in them :
All other doubts by time, let 'em be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

SCENE V. A Forest.

Imogen and Cloten, on a Bank strew'd with Flowers.

Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way ? —
I thank you—by yond Bush—pray how far thither ? —
'Ods pittikins — can it be six mile yet ? —
I have gone all Night—'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft ! no Bedfellow ! — Oh Gods, and Goddesses !
[Seeing the Body.]
The Flow'rs are like the Pleasures of the World :

'This bloody Man the Care on't. I hope I dream;
 For sure I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
 And Cook to honest Creatures.
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in Heav'n as small a drop of Pity
 As a Wren's Eye; oh, Gods! a part of it!
 The Dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless Man!—The Garment of my *Posthumus*?
 I know them well, this is his Hand——
 Murdered——*Pisanio*!——

'Twas thou conspiring, with that Devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my Lord. *Pisanio*!——
 How should this be, *Pisanio*!——'Tis he!
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* Deed, and *Cloten's* Deed,
 Oh, my Lord! my Lord! [*Lies down upon the Body.*
Enter Lucius, and Captains.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother. *Luc.* When expect you them?

Cap. With the next Benefit o' th' Wind.

Luc. This Forwardness
 Makes our Hopes fair. Soft ho, what Trunk is here?
 Without his Top? the Ruin speaks, that some time
 It was a worthy Building. How! a Page!——
 Or dead or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhor to make his Bed
 With the Defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one,
 Inform us of thy Fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded: Who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,

Nothing

Nothing to be, were better : This was my Master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by Mountaineers lies slain : Alas !
There are no more such Masters :

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth !

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy Master in bleeding : Say thy Name, good Friend.

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thy Name well fits thy Faith ;
Will't take thy Chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir : But first an't please the Gods
I'll hide my Master from the Fowls as deep
As these poor Pickaxes can dig ; and when
With wild Wood-leaves, and Weeds, I ha' strew'd his
And on it said a Century of Prayers, [Grave,
(Such as I can) twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh,
And leaving so his Service, follow you,
So please you entertain me. *Luc.* Ay, good Youth,
And rather Father thee, than Master thee ; my Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly Duties ; let us
Find out the prettiest Daizied plot we can,
And make him, with our Pikes and Partizans,
A Grave, come, take him up ; Boy he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
Some falls, are means the happier to arise.
Bring him along.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Forest, a March at a Distance.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius and Arviragus.

Arv. **T**HE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going ; newness

Of Cloten's Death, being not known, nor muster'd
Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd : And so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose Answer would be Death
Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a Time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* Horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their Time upon our Note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army ; and besides the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves.

Guid. Pray, Sir, to the Army ;
I, and my Brother are not known ; yourself
So out of Thought, and thereto so o'er grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines
I'll thither ; what thing is it, that I never
Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood,
But that of coward Hares, hot Goats and Venison ?
I am ashamed to look upon the holy Sun, to have
The Benefit of his blest Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown——

Guid. By Heav'n's I'll go ;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care : but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The Hands of *Romans*.

Arv. So say I.

Bel. No Reason I, since of your Lives you set
So slight a Valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys.
If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. YEA bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish't
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones

If each of you would take this Course, how many
Must murder Wives much better than yourselves,
For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*;
Every good Servant does not all Commands——
No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
Me, Wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
You snatch some hence for little Faults; (that's love)
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second Ills with Ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded to the Doers thrift;
But *Imogen* is your own, do your best Wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Amongst the *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
That *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress; Peace,
I'll give no Wound to thee; therefore good Heav'ns,
Hear patiently my Purpose, I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* Weeds, and suit myself
As does a *Britain* Peasant; so I'll fight
Against the Part I come with: so I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my Life
Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril,
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
More Valour in me, than my Habit's Show;
Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me;
To shame the Guise o' th' World, I will begin,
The Fashion less without, and more within.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Field of Battle.*

*A Grand Fight between the Romans and Britons,
the Romans are drove off.*

*Enter Posthumus and Iachimo Fighting. Iachimo drops
his S-word.*

Post. Or yield thee, *Roman*, or thou dy'st.

Iach. Peasant, hold my Breast.

Post. No, take thy Life and mend it. [*Exit. Post.*

Iach. The Heaviness and Sin within my Bosom
Takes off my Manhood, I've bely'd a Lady,
The Princess of this Country, and the Air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very Drudge of Nature, have subdu'd me,
In my Profession; Knighthoods and Honours borne
As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
With Heav'n against me, what is Sword or Shield,
My Guilt, my Guilt, o'erpowers me, and I yield.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Pisanio and 1st Lord.

1 Lord. This is a Day turn'd strangely.
Came'st thou from where they made the Stand?

Pis. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

1 Lord. I did.

Pis. No blame to you, Sir, for all was Lost,
But that the Heav'ns fought: the King himself
Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the Backs of *Britains* seen: all flying
Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely thro' Fear, that the straight Pass was damn'd
With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

1 Lord. Where was this Lane?

Pis. Close by the Battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf,
Which

Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,
 (An honest one I warrant.) Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two stripling Lads, more like to run
 The Country base, than to commit such Slaughter,
 Made good the Passage, cry'd to the Fliers, stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like Beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in Frown: Stand, stand.

1 *Lord*. Were there but three?

Pis. There was a fourth Man, in a poor rustic Habit,
 That stood the Front with them. These matchless four,
 Accommodated by the Place, gilded pale Looks,
 Part Shame, part Spirit renew'd, that some turn'd
 But by Example, 'gan to look [Cowards
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
 Upon the Pikes o' th' Hunter. Then began
 A Stop i' th' Chaser, a Retire; anon
 A Rout, Confusion thick, and the Event
 A Victory for us.

1 *Lord*. This was strange Chance,
 An old Man, two Boys, and a poor Rustic.

Pis. Nay, do not wonder—but go with me, and
 See these Wonders, and join the general Joy. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE V. A Wood.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. To-day, how many would have given their
 Honours

To've sav'd their Carcasses? took Heel to do't,
 And yet died too. I, in mine own Woe charm'd;
 Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he strook. This ugly Monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
 Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we
 That draw his Knives i' th' War. Well, I will find him;
 No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again,
 The Part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
 Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
 On either Side. For me, my Ransom's Death,

I come to spend my Breath ;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Cymbeline's Tent.*

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my Side, you, whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my Throne : Woe is my Heart,
That the poor Soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose Rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked Breast
Step'd before Shields of Proof) cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing.

Cym. No Tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him ? *Cym.* To my Grief, I am
The Heir of his Reward, which I will add
To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*.

[To *Bel.* *Guid.* and *Arvirag.*

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the Time
To ask of whence you are. Report it. *Bel.* Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest. *Cym.* Bow your Knees,
Arise my Knights o'th' Battle, I create you
Companions to our Person, and I will fit you
With Dignities becoming your Estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's Business in these Faces : why so faintly
Greet you our Victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King ;
To sour your Happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Dead, say'st thou ! How ended she ?

Cor. With Horror, madly dying, like herself,
Who, being cruel to the World, concluded

*Most cruel to herself. What she confess,
I will report so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.*

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

*Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected Greatness got by you.
Married your Royalty, was Wife to your Place,
Abhor'd your Person.*

*Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.*

*Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in Hand to love
With such Integrity, she did confess,
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose Life,
But that her Flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by Poison.*

*Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?*

*Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the Minute feed on Life, and lingering,
By Inches waste you. In which Time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, to o'ercome
You with her shew: yes, and in time, to work,
Her Son into th' Adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her End by his strange Absence,
Grew shameless, desperate, open'd, in despite
Of Heav'n, and Men, her Purposes: repented
The Ills she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.*

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

*Cym. Mine Eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her Flattery, nor my Heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.*

Enter

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute, that
The *Britains* have rais'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit
That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which ourself have granted.
So think of your Estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the Chance of War; the Day
Was yours by Accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatened
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our Lives
May be call'd Ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Roman's Heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar Care. This one Thing only
I will intreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his Occasions,
He hath done no *Briton* harm
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no Blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him:
His Favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my Bounty, and thy State, I'll give it:
Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart,
And lend my best Attention. What's thy Name?

Imo.

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Master: walk with me, speak freely. [*Go aside.*

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arv. One said another

Not more resembles than he th' sweet rosy Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Guid. The same dead Thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further;

Pis. It is my Mistress:

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the Time run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.

Make thy Demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iach.*

Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,

Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it

Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall

Winnow the Truth from Falshood. On, speak to him;

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him.

[*Aside wondering.*

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By Villainy

I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* Jewel,

[*thee*

Whom thou didst banish: and (which more may grieve

As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd

'Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,

For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false Spirits

Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint—[*Swoons.*

Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy Strength,

I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,

Than die ere I hear more: strive Man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the Clock
That struck the Hour) it was in *Rome*, (accursed

The

The Mansion where,) 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Vianda had been poison'd ! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head : the worthy *Posthumus*—

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity ; there it begins :
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
And she alone were cold ; whereat, I Wretch
Made scruple of his Praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd Finger ; to attain
In suit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
By hers and mine Adultery ; away to *Britain*
Post I in this Design : well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught,
By your chaste Daughter, the wide Difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous.
Yet to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar Proof, enough
To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus ; that he could not
But think her Bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I have ta'en the forfeit ; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.
Italian Fiend ! Ay me, most credulous Fool,
Egregious Murderer. Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains past, in being,
To come——Oh give me Cord, Knife, or Poison,
Some upright Justice. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious ; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' Earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter : Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser Villain than myself,
A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Virtue was she ; yea, and she herself——
Spit, and throw Stones, cast Mire upon me, set
The Dogs o' th' Street to bait me : every Villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen* !

My

My Queen, my Life, my Wife ; oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen* !

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Away—Thou scornful Page, there is no peace
for me. [Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh, Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistrefs—Oh, my Lord *Posthumus* !

You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now—help, help,

Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the World go round ?

Post. How come these Staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my Mistrefs.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you ?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cym. My Child ! my Child !

My dearest *Imogen*,

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir.

[Kneeling.]

Bel. Tho' you did love this Youth, I blame you not,
You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My Tears that fall
Prove Holy-water on thee ; *Imogen*,
'Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught ; and 'long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely ; but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Guid. Let me end the Story ; 'Twas I that slew him.

Cym. The Gods forefend

I would not thy good Deeds should from my Lips
Pluck a hard Sentence : Pr'ythee, valiant Youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one. The Wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,

If

If it could so roar to me. I cut off's Head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this Tale of mine.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our Presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This Man is better than the Man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever Scar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for Bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our Wrath? how of Descent
As good as we?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: here's my Knee;
Mighty Sir,

These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And Blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your Pleasure was at once my Offence, my Punishment
Itself, and all my Treason. These gentle Princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty Years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, that I
Could put into them. But, gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World.
The Benediction of these covering Heav'ns,
Fall on their Heads like Dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heav'n with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier Sons. *Guiderus* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star.

It was a Mark of Wonder.

Bel. This is he!
Who hath upon him still that natural Stamp;
It was wise Nature's End, in the Donation,
To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the Birth of three? Ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arw. Ay, my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The Thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,
The Soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'Twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. But your Ring first,
And here the Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith: now take that Life
Beseech you, which I so often owe.

[*Kneels.*]

Post.

Post. Kneel not to me:
 The Power that I have on you, is to spare you:
 The Malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
 We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law:
 Pardon's the Word to all. Laud we the Gods:
 And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils
 From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
 To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
 A *Roman*, and a *British* Ensign wave
 Friendly together; so through *Lud's* Town march.
 And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
 Our Peace we'll ratify. Seal it with Feasts.
 Set on there: Never was a War did cease
 Ere bloody Hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



F I N I S.

